

# GRANDMOTHER'S EASTER HYMN.

By Mrs. Emily Doolittle.

VERY year she softly sang it, bending over the lilies there.

With the sunlight dancing, glancing, resting on her silvery hair; And her voice still sweet, though quivering, mingling with the bells' clear chime. Is a memory most precious, of our earliest Easter time!

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!"

"Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!"

Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!"

Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!"

And at church one Easter morning, I remember how she sang. In her pew so feebly sitting, loudly the response rang!

Hymn-book clasped by trembling fingers, dim blue eyes upraised in prayer. Every word so long, so ponderous, uttered with tender care.

"Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!"

Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!"

Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!"

Sinners to redeem us gave, Alleluia!"

How we children loved to listen, while she sang for us alone. Sitting in the Easter twilight, even when far older grown!

She would speak of Christ's great sufferings, death, and resurrection too. Ending with these Easter hymn-words, "But the pain which he endured, Alleluia!"

Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!"

Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!"

Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!"

Long she's sung with myriad angels, round the shining throne above. Seeing too the risen Saviour, whom she ever knew to love;

And perhaps this hymn inspiring, she so treasured here below. Is repeated, in remembrance of their dear Lord's earthly woes:

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!"

"Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!"

Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!"

Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!"

-N. Y. Observer.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES

By I. McRoss.

"HY, yes, Miss Barr, of course we must have the church decorated Easter; we always do. Miss Perkins, the minister's wife that was here before you came, was a master hand to fix up the church. I'd be proper glad to let you have some of my plants, only I know just how they'd look when they'd come home; every body'd be a-plantin' themselves to slip an' pickin' off the flowers. You can have that warden-jew, though; it wandered off'n the shelf onto the floor, an' broke it up some. Sister Wilder'll prob'ly let you have hers if you'll go an' git 'em an' bring 'em home ag'in. They're all covered with red spiders an' all manner of creepies, so it won't hurt 'em to go most anywhere."

"Mrs. Barr could not restrain a smile as she said: 'I have heard that Miss Prescott had a great many handsome plants; perhaps—'

"Land of freedom!" interrupted Mrs. Saunders. "You don't think of askin' her for any, do you?"

"Why not?" scornfully, "because she never gives nor does anything for anybody but herself, an' hasn't for more'n fifteen years!"

"Did anything happen—"

"Yes, I suppose there did," Mrs. Saunders again interrupted. "Olivia Prescott won't more'n seventeen or so when she an' Philip Eustis was keepin' company, in spite of the Squire who did his best to stop it. 'Livin's mother was dead, an' the Squire brought his girl up awful strict; wouldn't listen to an engagement between such children, as he called 'em. But the trouble all come over religion; beats all how folks will quarrel over religion!"

"Over beliefs," Mrs. Barr quickly corrected her. "It is difference of belief that often kindles quarrels which true religion must heal."

"Religion never healed that one. You see, Phil was strong Episcopal, an' Squire Prescott was just the unitarian end of a Unitarian, an' I s'pose there is some difference between the two. Well, just this same day, the Saturday before Easter, Phil went to get 'Livin' to help decorate the church, 'cause sometimes she used to go with him to the Episcopal. He an' the Squire got to arguin' just as they always did when they argued. Somehow 'Livin' got drawn into the jangle, an' at last the Squire brought his fist down an' says: 'Olivia Prescott, don't you ever dare set foot inside that Episcopal church ag'in; if you do I'll—but he never finished, for 'Livin' spoke up: 'You needn't be afraid that I will go into that or any other church again as long as I live! If religion can breed such angry words and hard feelings, I don't want it! As for you, Philip Eustis, before I speak to you again you will have time to get that temper of yours under better control!"

"By the time she was through talking both men had cooled off some and tried to make her take back what she had said; but 'twasn't in her to take back, any more'n 'twas in the Squire. She's never been to church since and she an' Phil never made up."

"What has become of Philip Eustis?" "He went off out west somewhere. The old Squire died a few years ago, an' late years 'Livin' doesn't go hardly anywhere."

"At any rate, I think I shall call upon her," decided Mrs. Barr, as she at last rose to go.

"You won't get any further than her doorstep if you try," answered Mrs. Saunders, laughing indulgently.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure. When you ring, 'Livin' come to the door; she won't ask you in, but just stand there and freeze you

with her cold looks until you'll be glad to go home."

"Mrs. Saunders was not far wrong," Mrs. Barr thought, as she was confronted by Olivia, standing tall and straight in the doorway, a look of inquiry upon her cold, handsome face.

"I am Mrs. Barr, the minister's wife," she introduced herself, with an embarrassed smile. "May I come in and talk to you a few moments?"

In silence Olivia led the way to the sitting-room. It was a chilly April day, but the wood fire blazing upon the hearth made the room warm and cheerful. Soft carpets, rich hangings, well-filled book-cases and a table piled high with the latest books and periodicals spoke of the occupant's luxurious tastes.

Olivia made no effort to break the silence, and at last Mrs. Barr said: "Ever since I came here I have been hoping to meet you, Miss—"

"I am not a member of any church; it has been many years since I was in a church, and I never intend to go again."

She spoke decidedly, but without anger, and Mrs. Barr looked perplexed.

"I am sorry, not alone for ourselves, though with your abilities you might do a great deal for us, but I am sorry for you, too, because you are losing the happiness that comes from doing and giving."

Olivia gave no sign of interest, and Mrs. Barr did not have the courage to pursue such a one-sided conversation. She looked toward the large bay window filled with blooming plants; conspicuous among them was a tier of Easter lilies, a mass of snowy, fragrant bloom.

"Consider the lilies," quoted Mrs. Barr, reverently. "Do you consider them?"

"I have taken all the care of them since I put the bulbs into the soil, so I suppose that I have considered them more or less every day."

"I do not mean their manner of growth alone, nor the beautiful raiment; have you thought of the pleasure that the sight of them would give to those who never see a flower during the long, cold winter?"

"I suppose you mean that I ought to send them to the church to-morrow," said Olivia, contemptuously.

"We certainly would like them there, but you can do good with them by sending them to other places. You can

palms, ferns and flowering plants until the wagon was full; then Olivia drove away, and Jane gazed after her, muttering:

"She's either gone clear out of her senses, or else," Jane paused, "she's come into them; now, which is it?"

There was more astonishment than reverence in the faces of the congregation assembled in the old meeting-house that Easter morning. Olivia sitting in the Prescott pew! Olivia's lilies perfuming the air, her flowers making the dingy room beautiful! What could have worked the miracle?

Olivia was outwardly calm and attentive; in reality she was thinking of the little cripple who had that morning clasped in his arms a pot of her choicest lilies; she could see him as he touched the flowers with his lips, laid his thin cheeks against them, and hugged them in an ecstasy of enjoyment. She thought, too, of Auntie Cooper, bedridden for many years, and of how the tears had run down the old woman's cheeks as she clasped the lilies in her arms. And as she thought of these things she closed her eyes and murmured:

"I thank Thee, Lord, not alone for these lilies, the emblem of His resurrection, but also that I, Olivia, have at last come out of the grave of selfishness, where I have lain buried by pride and stubbornness."

The sermon was ended and the benediction spoken, yet not one of the congregation moved; they stood, almost breathlessly watching Olivia until the minister stepped from the pulpit and walked toward her pew; then old ladies surged around her, with kind faces and cheery voices. She met them with outstretched hand and friendly smile and led them to the lilies.

"I have never before had so many nor so fine lilies. I want to give them to you." The hardness and coldness had left her face; instead there shone a warmth of tenderness and glow of kindness.

"You see I have 'Considered the lilies,'" she said, as she handed a pot of them to Mrs. Barr.

"Seems as if you an' the lilies must be related," Livy, you look so much alike," said old Mrs. Price, as she looked first at Olivia and then at the lilies.

A flash of color swept over Olivia's face, leaving it deadly pale. Philip Eustis had once told her that she was



"I HAVE COME TO ASK YOUR FORGIVENESS."

put them into the homes of the poor and sick, and every lily-bell will ring out a message of love and gladness."

There was another long silence; and finally the discouraged Mrs. Barr rose and took her leave.

As soon as she had gone Olivia took up a book and read a page or two mechanically; but the only words that she saw were: "Consider the lilies; consider the lilies." And the air of the room was heavy with their perfume.

"I've been staying in the house too closely," she thought. "I'll go to the woods and get rid of this mental fuzz."

On her way she passed a little cottage; at the window was a crippled boy caressing the leaves of a sickly flowerless geranium.

"Consider the lilies; consider the lilies!" The words rang in her ears, whistled through the leafless branches and vibrated in the air.

She filled her hands with twigs of budding willows, partridge vine and princess pine, and hurried nervously home. When she opened the door the jily-scented air rushed upon her with sickening force; she sank into a chair, and looked at the lilies long and steadily until the beautiful waxen bells changed to reproachful faces. Old memories crowded upon her—of that quarrel years ago, of Philip Eustis, her father and old schoolmates. Somehow she felt that she had not done altogether well. The past years seemed so barren and useless; the future loomed before her dreary and desolate.

She went upstairs, shut the door to keep out the scent of the lilies, and again tried to read, but the lilies kept telling their story. She threw down her book and sprang angrily to her feet.

"Consider the lilies! Consider the lilies!" she cried. "It seems to me I am considering them whether I want to or not! I'll try repeating the words a hundred times; they say that is the way to lay such haunts."

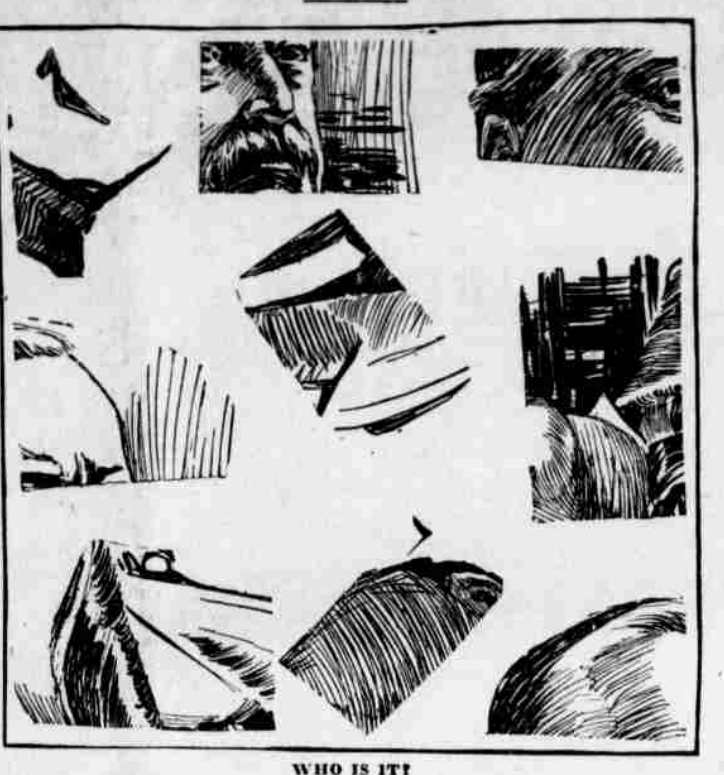
Back and forth she walked, repeating the words over and over; but the charm failed. The perfume of the lilies stole into her room, and their message surged through her brain as she lay awake through the long night. She rose in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, but with mind at rest. After breakfast she said to Jane Simmons her old housekeeper "Jane, can you harness Prince into the open wagon?"

"Why, yes, of course I kin; but what are you going to do with him on a Sunday?" asked Jane, with the familiarity of 20 years' faithful service.

"You'll see," was the smiling answer. The smile was as rare as the flushed face and elated manner. Jane stared a few moments, then went reluctantly to the stable.

"Now help me put these lilies into the wagon," was Olivia's next command. The lilies were followed by

## PUZZLE PICTURE.



WHO IS IT?  
Cut out the pieces and paste together so as to form the portrait of an Ex-President.

## REASON IN ANIMALS.

Psychological School Established in France for the Study of Lower Orders.

Do animals reason? Some scientists say yes; others, no. This difference among men of learning has given rise to a new branch of science called psychological zoology, states the New York World.

In order to settle all doubts on these subjects a French Society for the Study of Animal Psychology has begun work at Longchamps, near Paris. They have built an arena in which various beasts are from time to time to be submitted to inspection, and their every action—even to the winking of an eyelid—made note of.

Previous to the formation of the animal psychology school in France a number of investigators had performed various experiments on a line with those now proposed.

Buchner, the German biologist, fed pieces of blotting paper to the microscopic organism, vorticella. The micro-organism held the blotting paper in its digestive organ just sufficient length of time to ascertain that it contained no nourishment—about a second—and then rejected it. Its regular food, however, it absorbed greedily. All this was observed under the lens of a microscope magnifying 1,200 diameters.

The action of the vorticella was interpreted as indicating that the tiny creature possessed the power of selection.

A woman in Paris had a crayfish for a pet. When she absented herself from her home for any length of time and then returned, the crayfish always manifested its joy by swimming up to the side of the aquarium and watching the woman with evident signs of delight. This fact was scientific evidence of memory existing in a very low order of life.

"Spiders have been shown to be uncommonly observant, and Baden Powell records the fact that a certain Australian spider not only closes the door to his house, but bolts it on the inside.

Sir John Lubbock placed some wasps on a board 48 inches long and 15 inches wide, this board being covered by a glass hallway, the far end of which branched into two passages. Cotton which had been perfumed was placed in one of the passages. The wasps never passed the cotton with the scent, though a similar piece of cotton, having no odor, was placed in the other passage. This experiment demonstrated that the wasps perceived the odor and took means to avoid it.

Dr. Emeir, of Berlin, made a number of experiments with sparrows. He set traps on different days, liberating the birds after they had been caught. On the first day his trap caught nine birds; on the second day, seven; on the third, five; on the fourth, two. After that the traps stood empty until new birds came into the neighborhood.

The scientist observed that all the birds caught were those which had

been hatched out that spring. No birds of the last season went into the trap. He marked every bird that was caught. Once a bird had been caught and liberated it never returned to the trap again. The series of experiments is pointed to as proving that sparrows have memories.

One of the best cases on record of the test of dog intelligence is that mentioned by Allen Pringle. Two dogs, a small and a large one, both going in opposite directions, were trying to cross a plank over a stream. They met in the middle. There was a "nose-to-nose conference" for a moment, and then the big dog spread his legs and the little one ran under him. This solution of the problem was heralded by scientists as showing absolute reasoning powers on the part of the animals.

## REVOLUTIONARY WIDOW.

Tennessee Woman Who Has Lately Been Brought Into Public Notice Through Pension.

There is, perhaps, no more interesting pensioner of the United States government than Mrs. Nancy Jones, of Jonesboro, Tenn., widow of Darling Jones, a soldier of the revolutionary war. She has recently been brought to public notice by her effort to have the pensions granted to the four living widows of revolutionary soldiers increased from \$15 a month to \$25, says a Washington report.

Mrs. Jones went herself to Congressman Walter B. Brownlow, of Tennessee, and stated her case so eloquently that Mr. Brownlow has promised to introduce a bill immediately providing for the desired increase.

Darling Jones was 70 years old when he married his third wife, the present Mrs. Jones, then a girl of 16. To her girlish imagination the veteran was a hero, and his stories of warlike experiences were of constant interest to her. He lived ten years after they were married. Their son, William, is still living in Jonesboro.

Mrs. Jones lives on a tiny farm of five acres in a three-room cottage built nearly 40 years ago. She has a garden and a vegetable plot, and raises chickens for sale, by which means she manages to eke out her little income.

"My only ambition is to save money enough to bury me decently and have a nice tombstone over my husband and myself," she says.

Visitors to the section of Tennessee in which she lives always go to see Mrs. Jones, and she has many requests for her autograph. These she is compelled to refuse, as she cannot write.

Mrs. Jones does not know her age, but believes that she is about 90. Neither does she know the exact age of her husband when he died.

Trees for Westminster Abbey. Officials of Westminster Abbey charge fees aggregating over \$2,000 when a memorial is placed in the abbey.—N. Y. Sun.

Spills Digestion. Revenge, like other sweet things, spoils the digestive apparatus.—Chicago Daily News.

## Memories Clustering About a Birthplace

By HECTOR C. LENINGTON.

The birthplace of a great man in itself is nothing and of no interest. The interest is purely in the association of ideas which is focused in the mind by the fact that something has been achieved, and that in a particular spot the personality that had the force to achieve first saw the shining of the stars and the dust motes dancing in the bright sunlight.

A hut is only a hut, and a dirty hut a thing to be despised. A palace is only stone and mortar built by the gold of greed and nine times out of ten stands a monument to a sordid and soiled ambition.

The birth of a baby is the absorbing interest of a happy father and mother and a few other relatives, but means also pain, expense, wakeful nights, and often in the end disappointment of parental hopes. Of how many it could be said, as Christ said of the son of perdition: "It would have been better for that man if he had not been born."

Then again the baby even if destined to a useful career is only one of a multitude. It is said that one each second is born into the world, 50 a minute, enough in a day to people a city, and the births of a single year equal the population of a nation.

But now a child is born, one out of the 30,000,000 and over of the year. He grows up as others grow up, develops into young manhood, sees a work to do and devotes his life to it. People begin to hear of him, then in the prime of his usefulness he is cut off, seven feet by two is allotted to him in the graveyard, but the work he has begun goes on. More and more people learn of his name and fame, and nearly a half century gone by sees every one both small and great paying his illustrious memory homage.

Abraham Lincoln is the name of this man. Now his birthplace is advertised at sheriff's sale for taxes. It is a despicable hut located near Hodgenville, Ky. But around it clusters the memories of a life well lived, and of a life reincarnated in the careers of a multitude of individual lives as well as in that of the nation itself. A life and a posthumous fame throw back a light that softens the repulsive, and brings put in strong relief the things that went toward the making of a great, helpful and human career.

## Mysterious Case of Frank Rogers and Miss Florence Ely

The Fruitless Search Which Has Been Made For the Missing Couple.

THAT fact is often stranger than fiction and the mystery in real life sometimes too deep for even the keenest detective of the country to find a solution thereof is strikingly illustrated by the Ely-Rogers case, of Evanston, Ill. Since the disappearance of Frank Ely Rogers, a boy of 14 years, from his home last July accompanied by his aunt, Miss Florence Ely, the police and detectives of Chicago and the country have been untiring in their efforts to trace the couple and return them safely home to the sorrowing parents of the boy and the aged mother of Miss Ely. Every clue has been followed up and every means employed which might possibly furnish a solution of the mystery or induce the infatuated aunt and her young nephew to return to the home where only loving welcome awaits them.

Miss Ely, up to last July, had been a music teacher in Evanston. She is a handsome, intelligent woman of more than usual intelligence, with large, expressive dark eyes, dark brown hair and slender form and a delicate physique. She is 40 years old, and for 30 years has made her home with her sister, the wife of Mr. James C. Rogers, as did her mother, who is heartbroken over the peculiar conduct of her daughter. The family lives on Hinman avenue, one of the beautiful residence streets of Evanston, only a short distance from the campus of the Northwestern university. Mr. Rogers is connected with the mercantile firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., in Chicago, and is a man of ability and some means.

Fourteen years ago, when Frank was born, Miss Ely idealized the baby, and was as devoted to him as if she had been his mother. It was her supreme delight to care for and amuse him, and as he grew into boyhood her affection grew to be an infatuation which led her to forsake all her social duties and devote her entire time to her nephew.

On the morning on which they disappeared (July 13) it is known that Frank left home ostensibly to attend a picnic in the woods near the town, but that he walked by a circuitous route to the station of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. There he met his aunt, Miss Ely, who had left a satchel with the station agent the day before. This she secured and placed therein the contents of a box she carried, and then threw the box away.

"Frank," she called to the boy. The boy turned quickly, took the satchel from his aunt's hand, and the

two walked out of the depot together. They took a north-bound electric car, which runs from Chicago to Milwaukee, and that was the last time they were seen in Evanston. On the 29th of last December a bundle of clothing belonging to Miss Ely and Frank Rogers was found tucked away under the Central street station of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad in North Evanston, and where it is now surmised by the police that the pair stopped and changed their clothing as a girl—possibly disguising herself as a girl—for he left his collar behind—and Miss Ely transforming herself into an older and shabbily dressed woman. Since then dozens of clues have been followed, but not one has led to a reliable trace of the couple.

FAMOUS NEW YORK WEDDING. Called the "Diamond Wedding," and Was the Most Sensational Ever Performed in That City.

Perhaps the most sensational ceremony of marriage that has ever been performed in New York was the one known everywhere in the United States as the "Diamond Wedding." It was the union of a daughter of Lieut. Barillet, of the United States navy, to a Cuban gentleman of great wealth, Don Estaban Santa Cruz de Oviedo, says Ladies' Home Journal. As generous as he was opulent, Oviedo lavished upon the bride more than \$100,000 worth of pearls and diamonds. The nuptial rites were solemnized by Archbishop Hughes, Stedman commemorated the event in a poem, and moralists pointed to it as an extraordinary instance of the evils of splendor and luxury that were corrupting American society. So great was the curiosity to witness this wedding that probably for the first time on such an occasion cards of admission were issued to the church. A squad of policemen was required simply to protect the bride and groom from strangers who rushed after them. The magnificent nuptials, it may be remarked, had a melancholy sequel: the bridegroom soon died; his widow, under the Spanish laws, was entitled only to the right of dower, and all the gifts which he had showered upon her were taken away from her on the ground that legally they were heirlooms.

All Occupations Represented There. The Japanese parliament has among its members 130 farmers, 23 barristers, six editors, three doctors, 26 mechanics, and 74 without fixed profession.

Not Any If Its Infallible. Any man can teach wisdom; few are able to learn it.—Chicago Journal.



MISS FLORENCE A. ELY.

A woman and a boy answering the description were living in that town, but are now proved not to be the Evanston runaways.

Hoping against hope and with the heartbreaking sorrow crushing their hearts, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers early last December inserted an advertisement in the newspapers calling upon the missing boy and his aunt to come home for Christmas and all would be forgiven. All day Christmas they watched for the return of the fugitives, and during the night a lamp was kept burning brightly in the window of the home on Hinman avenue to welcome their return. The family felt sure that they would come, but they were doomed to disappointment.

As a last effort to reach the missing couple or secure information regarding them, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have resorted to the chain letter scheme. Here is their plea for help:

Dear Friend—Will you kindly help a heartbroken father and two mothers in an effort to find their lost ones by writing three copies of this letter and sending them, over your own signature, to three friends, making the same request of them, and so on, forming an endless chain.

Miss Florence A. Ely and nephew, Frank Ely Rogers, disappeared from their home, 718 Hinman avenue, Evanston, Ill., July 13, 1901. Nothing has been heard of them since.

Miss Ely is 40 years of age, about five feet three inches in height, very thin and weighs from 30 to 40 pounds; face rather long and very expressive; dark brown hair; large dark brown eyes, with an intense expression; are her most noticeable features; good music teacher; attractive to children.

Frank E. Rogers will be 14 years of age in March, 1902. Height about five feet two inches; weight about 80 pounds; medium brown hair, gray blue eyes, long, slender hands, is left handed, writes with either right or left; draws well; always using left hand. Only love and a glad welcome await them both. A large reward will be cheerfully given for information leading directly to the restoration of either or both. Printed letters with pictures will be sent upon request. Send all information to

JAMES C. ROGERS, 718 Hinman avenue, Evanston, Ill.

As these letters, by the aid of sympathetic and kind people, go broadcast over the country in ever widening circle and reach perhaps every nook and corner of the United States, the result sought for may be attained and a mystery cleared up which in some respects is one of the most puzzling ever coming to the notice of the police. If Frank Rogers and Miss Ely are alive, how has it been possible to elude the shrewdest detectives of the country? If dead, what has become of their bodies and why have they not been discovered? If they have left the country, where have they secured the means for so long an absence and so extended a trip? These are some of the questions one is led to ask in considering the case, and which may never be answered this side the grave.



FRANK ELY ROGERS.